THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 10, 1800.

MEMOIRS *of the* EARL *of* ST. VINCENT.

(Continued from Page 86.)

WE come now to detail the particulars, to uſe the words of Admiral Barrington, then Commander in Chief, of one of the moſt brilliant actions which had occurred during the American war, namely, the capture of the Pegaſe; an action which decidedly proved that ſpecies of happy valour, which conſtitutes the leading feature of his Lordſhip's profeſſional character.

In the month of April, 1782, Admiral Barrington ſailed for the Bay of Biſcay with twelve ſail of the line; and, when a ſhort diſtance off Uſhant, Captain M'Bride, commanding the Artois, which was very far a-head, made the ſignal for diſcovering an enemy's fleet. In conſequence of which, the Admiral hove out the ſignal for a general chaſe, and about three o'clock the enemy became viſible; but the Admiral's ſhip, the Britannia, was left very far a-ſtern by many of the prime-ſailing ſhips, amongſt which, the Foudroyant, Captain Jervis, ſo far outſtripped the reſt, that, when night came on, with hazy weather, he ſoon loſt them entirely, but ſtill kept a full view of the enemy, whom he purſued with unremitting vigour.

The chaſed fleet conſiſted of eighteen ſail, laden with proviſion and ammunition, and containing a conſiderable number of troops for the ſupply of the French fleet and forces in the Eaſt Indies, being particularly to ſupply the loſs of that convoy which had been taken by Admiral Kempenfelt in the pre-

ceding winter: They had ſailed from Breſt only the day before, and were under the protection of the Protecteur and Pegaſe, of 74 guns each, L'Actionnaire of 64 guns, armed en flute, and a frigate. The Foudroyant gained ſo faſt upon the chaſe, that it was evident they could not eſcape without an engagement; the convoy was therefore diſperſed by ſignal; and the two French 74's having conſulted together, it was determined, that, as the Protecteur had a large quantity of money on board, ſhe ſhould make the beſt of her way; and that, if fighting was inevitable, the Pegaſe ſhould abide the conſequence.

A little before one A. M. the Foudroyant came up, and was cloſely engaged with the Pegaſe, commanded by the Chevalier de Sillans. This action was extremely fierce whilſt it laſted; but, within leſs than an hour from its commencement, his Lordſhip laid the French ſhip aboard on the larboard quarter, and the Pegaſe was compelled to ſtrike. Nothing could have afforded a more ſtriking inſtance of the decided ſuperiority of ſeamanſhip and diſcipline on the one ſide, and of the great effects which theſe qualifications produced on the other, than the circumſtances of this gallant action. On board the Pegaſe, eighty were killed and wounded; the hull, maſts, and yards, of the French ſhip were materially injured; and the damage ſhe ſuſtained was beyond any thing that could have been ſuppoſed, conſidering the ſhort time ſhe was engaged; while the Foudroyant ſuſtained but little injury; not a man was killed, none mortally, and his Lordſhip the worſt wounded.* At this time, the ſea was ſo rough, that it was with great difficulty that his Lordſhip, with the loſs of two boats, could put an officer and eighty men on board the prize. Soon after this was effected, the Foudroyant and Pegaſe loſt ſight of each other; but the Queen, fortunately coming up, took poſſeſſion of her. In conſequence of this gallant action, Captain Jervis was honoured with the inſignia of Knight of the Bath; and, about this period, was married to his firſt couſin, Miſs Parker, daughter of Sir Thomas Parker.

Previous

* His Lordſhip was wounded by a ſplinter, which ſtruck him on the temple, the effects of which have never been removed, as his eyes have ever ſince been affected. The engagement between the Foudroyant and the Pegaſe have been admirably depicted by Serres, who has devoted two pictures to the ſubject, which are now in the poſſeſſion of the Marquis of Lanſdown.

Previous to the commencement of the preſent war, his Lordſhip, who in the year 1787, had been promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and in the year 1790 to that of Rear-Admiral of the White, acted and voted with the Oppoſition; but, when the war had actually commenced, he conſidered himſelf as bound in honour to make a tender of his ſervices; which, highly creditable to the judgement of Adminiſtration, was immediately accepted, and he was appointed to command the ſquadron, deſtined to co-operate with Sir Charles Grey in the reduction of the French Weſt-India Iſlands.† In this toilſome ſervice, with the moſt formidable difficulties to encounter, the ſpirit and perſeverance of theſe brave Commanders ſhone pre-eminently conſpicuous; and the London Gazette Extraordinary, in the month of April, 1794, announced the important intelligence, that, on the 16th of March preceding, the whole iſland of Martinique had been captured from the French, except the forts Bourbon and Royal, which were then cloſely beſieged; and on the 26th of the ſame month, diſpatches from the Commander in Chief were received, containing intelligence of the complete conqueſt of the iſland of Martinique by the ſurrender of the Fort Bourbon: Five ſtand of colours laid down by the garriſon, together, with two colours of Fort Bourbon, were ſent and preſented to his Majeſty. This was a battle on both ſides hardly fought; and Sir Charles Grey thus handſomely bears teſtimony to the gallantry of his opponents: "The gallant defence," ſaid Sir Charles, "made by General Rochambeau and his garriſon, was ſtrongly manifeſted on entering Fort Bourbon, as there was ſcarce an inch of ground untouched by our ſhot and ſhells; and it is but juſtice to ſay, that it did them the higheſt honour."

The remainder of the French Weſt India Iſlands ſoon after followed the example of Martinique; but, in conſequence of the ſickneſs of the troops, and for want of ſufficient reinforcement, theſe conqueſts could not be retained.

Earl St. Vincent returned home from this expedition with his health conſiderably injured, and very much emaciated, from the effects of the yellow fever; but, though his body was viſibly impaired, his ſtrong and ardent mind could not long brook inaction; and, after the ſhort interval of four months' repoſe, he was diſpatched to ſucceed Admiral

† About ten thouſand men, originally deſtined for this ſervice, were drafted off, and employed in an expedition to the coaſt of France.

Hotham in command of the Mediterranean ſquadron, where he blocked up the Spaniſh fleet and bombarded Cadiz; to which, according to the accounts of the Paris papers, whoſe authority upon this occaſion need not be ſuſpected, he did conſiderable damage. Indeed, the ſervices he had performed upon this ſtation, in blocking up the Spaniſh fleet and protecting the coaſts of Italy, in addition to his former meritorious atchievements, had ſo recommended him to his Majeſty, that it was in contemplation to raiſe him to the dignity of the Peerage, and a patent was actually ordered to be prepared for that purpoſe, when the news of the glorious defeat of the Spaniſh fleet was firſt announced.

Before we enter upon the detail of this memorable victory, in juſtice to the character of his Lordſhip, we are bound to make ſome brief remarks upon the ſituation of the country, which are neceſſary to appreciate more juſtly the value of ſuch diſtinguiſhed ſervices.

During the year 1797, the war between Great Britain and France was almoſt excluſively confined to naval operations, in which the ſkill and activity of Britiſh ſeamen were eminently conſpicuous, and a ſeries of ſplendid victories had animated their ſpirit to a moſt uncommon height:—Still it muſt be remarked, that the enemies of Great Britain had alſo conſiderably increaſed. The Spaniards, negligent of their better intereſts, too ſubſervient to the fatal influence of the *Great Nation!* had agreed to co-operate in its deſolating principles; and the navy of Spain and Holland was to have joined that of France,

About this period, the conſpiracy, which had been long forming in Ireland, began to wear the more open character of bold and avowed rebellion. The conſpirators relying upon the protection of France, which could only be afforded by ſo formidable a concentration of naval force as would have been produced by the junction of the three navies, and which ſeemed difficult at that period to prevent, began to be more bold and open in their conduct. A general gloom pervaded the country; and never was there a period which required a greater effort to revive the drooping ſpirits of his countrymen, than the period of this enterpriſing victory.

The country was, at this time, on all ſides, threatened with invaſion; the very bulwarks of the nation tottered; and the Iriſh conſpiracy had infected the Britiſh fleet, which was taken poſſeſſion of by the mutineers. To blockade the fleets of the enemy in their own ports and to prevent a junction was the only mode of averting the impending blow.—To have

engaged

engaged a fleet ſo numerous as the combined fleets, would have been moſt hazardous; and with ſuch an inferior ſquadron to prevent the junction, ſeemed to be impoſſible. Notwithſtanding theſe obſtacles, the mighty mind of Sir John Jervis, upon viewing the fleet of the enemy, inſtantly conceived that bold project, which terminated ſo glorioufly for himſelf, and ſo honourably for his country.

(To be continued.)

Remarks on the Conſequences of ſending a Challenge to fight a Duel.

ON the 31ſt of January, 1800, Mr. Erſkine addreſſed the Court of King's Bench on behalf of the Honourable Lord George Henry Cavendiſh, who found himſelf under the unpleaſant neceſſity of appealing to their Lordſhips, for a rule to ſhew cauſe why a criminal information ſhould not be filed againſt Captain Bainbridge, of the Derbyſhire militia. Mr. Erſkine obſerved, that thoſe falſe ideas of honour, by which but too many were actuated, were wholly improper in the ſlighteſt degree to be referred to in a Court of Juſtice; they could not be admitted as any alleviation of an offence, ſuch as that of which the noble Lord, his client, had to complain. He, however, could not forego the opportunity of obſerving, how highly the public were indebted to one of their Lordſhips (Lord Kenyon), for the declaration made by him from the Bench, in the courſe of the laſt term, as to what would have been the certain conſequence, if a defendant, who was brought up to receive judgment for ſending a challenge, had entered the field with, and deſtroyed his antagoniſt*. The facts he had to lay before the Court were theſe:—Captain Bainbridge, for ſome miſconduct, had been diſmiſſed the regiment of Derbyſhire militia, of which Lord George Henry Cavendiſh was Colonel; the conſequence of his diſmiſſal was, that in a few days afterwards he offered that kind of inſult towards his Lordſhip, which left him no alternative between becoming himſelf an offender againſt the laws of his country, or indicting the man

* Lord Kenyon ſaid, the execution of the offender muſt have followed conviction; and that the miniſter who would have adviſed his Majeſty to extend mercy, would not have deſerved to have held his ſituation a moment longer.

man who had inſulted him. The provocation was no leſs than that of calling his Lordſhip a blackguard and a coward, and challenging him to fight. For this an indictment had been preferred at the quarter ſeſſions, and ſince removed into the King's Bench. Captain Bainbridge had pleaded not guilty to it but a very few days ago, of courſe the indictment would ſtand for trial at the enſuing ſpring aſſizes. Subſequent to his recording his plea, and conſequently pending the indictment, in fact no longer ago than Saturday laſt, he met Lord G. Cavendiſh in the ſtreet, and, accoſting him, ſignified his deſire to ſpeak with him in private. His Lordſhip very properly declined ſpeaking to him; upon which he ſaid, "I have poſted you as a blackguard, a coward, and poltroon, at Derby, and you know it." He then addreſſed himſelf to a perſon of the name of Langham, who was paſſing by, a perfect ſtranger to both parties, and informed him it was Lord George Henry Cavendiſh he had accoſted, and that he had poſted him as a blackguard, coward, and ſcoundrel. The affidavit of the noble Lord added, that he verily believed theſe terms were applied to him in order to provoke him to fight.

The Court granted a rule to ſhew cauſe.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH, January 30.

BROWN *v.* COMPTON.

THIS was a caſe reſerved for the opinion of the Court, and it was now argued a ſecond time by Mr. Gazeley, for the plaintiff, and Mr. Dallas, for the defendant. It was an action againſt the Sheriff of Hants for an eſcape, in which the facts were ſimply theſe: That a priſoner in Wincheſter gaol, named Benjamin Long, being in cuſtody at the ſuit of the plaintiff for a large ſum of money, was diſcharged by the juſtices under the laſt Inſolvent Act; but in the manner of granting this diſcharge there was a material irregularity, inaſmuch as the act of Parliament directed ſuch inſolvent debtors to be brought before the juſtices at the general quarter ſeſſions, ſubſequent to paſſing the act, and then be by them diſcharged;—whereas, in the preſent caſe, the matter was done at a ſeſſions adjourned from a ſeſſions held before the paſſing the act. The defences were, 1ſt, that the

juſtices had a general juriſdiction; that there was no time ſpecified in the act for the diſcharge of inſolvent debtors; and that as the juſtices had acted clearly under the ſpirit of the law, although not with ſtrict regularity in point of form, they had a right to iſſue their proceſs; and the officer to whom it was directed was not liable for executing it; and, 2d, that *de facto*, the warrant was directed not to the Sheriff, but to the keeper of Wincheſter gaol by name, and therefore the action ought to have been brought againſt the keeper, and not againſt the Sheriff; for, although it was true that in moſt caſes the principal was civilly liable for his deputy, yet that where the law recognizes the difference between principal and agent, the relation is diſſolved, and the agent perſonally liable; and that this act, in a variety of clauſes, orders the warrant to be directed "To the Sheriff or Sheriffs, Keeper or Keepers of Gaols."

Lord Kenyon regretted the deciſion he muſt give in this caſe, but whatever reluctance he might feel as a man, he felt none as a Judge. The law was clear: The juſtices had in this caſe no juriſdiction whatever, except what they derived from the act of Parliament; and as that act expreſsly required them to proceed to its execution at the general quarter ſeſſions of the peace, their proceedings in the adjourned ſeſſions could have no authority; they were *coram non judice*, and therefore the officer obeying them was liable; and with reſpect to the objection, that the gaoler, and not the Sheriff, ſhould have been made the defendant, it was, however ingeniouſly argued, unfounded. The other three Judges concurring, judgment was given for the plaintiff.

An Account of a Viſit paid to the Duke of Argyle's at Inverary.

[By M. Saint-Fond, a learned Frenchman, who travelled in England and Scotland in 1783-4, for the Purpoſes of Natural Hiſtory.]

THE manner in which we ſpent our time at Inverary Caſtle was extremely agreeable. Each perſon roſe at any hour he pleaſed in the morning. Some took a ride, others went to the chaſe. I roſe with the ſun, and proceeded to examine the natural hiſtory of the environs.

At ten o'clock, a bell ſummoned us to breakfaſt: We then repaired to a large room, ornamented with hiſtorical pictures

pictures of the Argyle family; among which there were ſome by Battoni, Reynolds, and other eminent Italian and Engliſh painters. Here we found ſeveral breakfaſt tables, covered with tea, coffee, excellent cream, and every thing the appetite could deſire, ſurrounded with bouquets of flowers, newſpapers, and books. There were, beſides, in this room, a billiard-table, a piano-forte, and other muſical inſtruments.

After breakfaſt, ſome walked in the parks, others amuſed themſelves with reading and muſic, or returned to their apartments. At half paſt four, the dinner-bell was rung, and we went to the dining-room, where we always found a table of twenty-five or thirty covers. When all the company were ſeated, the chaplain, according to cuſtom, made a ſhort prayer, and bleſt the food, which was ate with pleaſure. Indeed, the dinners were prepared by an excellent French cook, and every thing was ſerved up in the Paris manner, except a few diſhes in the Engliſh form, which made a variety, and thus gave the epicures of every country an opportunity of pleaſing their palates.

I was particularly pleaſed to ſee napkins on the table, and forks of the ſame kind as thoſe uſed in France. I am not much diſpoſed to riſk pricking my mouth or my tongue with thoſe little ſharp tridents, which are generally uſed even in the beſt houſes in England. I know that this kind of forks are only intended for ſeizing and fixing the pieces of meat while they are cut, and that the Engliſh knives being rounded at the point, may anſwer for ſome of the purpoſes to which the French forks are applied, particularly in carrying meat to the mouth; but I muſt confeſs, that I uſe their knives very aukwardly in this way. It is well, however, to accuſtom oneſelf to the uſages of different countries; and it ſeemed to me that at table, as well as in ſeveral other inſtances, the Engliſh calculate more accurately than we do.

In England, the fork is always held in the left hand, and the knife in the right. The fork holds the meat down, the knife cuts it, and the pieces may be carried to the mouth with either. The motion is quick and preciſe. The manœuvres at an Engliſh dinner are founded upon the ſame principle as the Pruſſian diſcipline. Not a moment is loſt!

In France, the firſt manœuvre is ſimilar to that of the Engliſh: But when the meat is cut in pieces, the knife is laid down on the right ſide of the plate, and the fork is changed from the left to the right hand, with which it is lifted to the mouth: Thus our table tactics are more com-

plex than the Engliſh, and require more time. The Engliſh method is certainly the beſt; but large knives, with rounded points, are neceſſary to put it in practice. And why not have them? There would then be an arm leſs in the hands of the vicious or the fooliſh.

How many frantic or hopeleſs beings have made uſe of ſharp pointed knives againſt themſelves? How many monſters have cruelly uſed them againſt others? The melancholy liſt would, doubtleſs, be long: And, perhaps, if this uſeful inſtrument had, not in Italy, Spain, and moſt other countries, the form of a ſtiletto, ſuch crimes would be leſs frequently committed. Experience has long ſince proved that great effects may ſpring from very trivial cauſes.

But howſoever this may be, I muſt not forget that the knives and forks at the Duke of Argyle's table ſerved to help us to very good things. The different courſes, and the after-meats, were all done as in France, and with the ſame variety and abundance. If the poultry was not ſo juicy as that of Paris, we were amply compenſated by the moſt delicate moor fowl, by delicious fiſh, and by vegetables, the quality of which did honour to the ſkill of the Scottiſh gardeners.

At the deſert, the ſcene changed: Cloth, napkins, and every thing diſappeared. The mahogany table ſhone in all the luſtre that wood is capable of receiving from art; but it was ſoon covered with brilliant decanters, filled with the moſt exquiſite wines; comfits, in fine porcelain, or cryſtal vaſes; and fruits of different kinds in beautiful baſkets. Plates and glaſſes were diſtributed; and in every object elegance and conveniency ſeemed to rival each other. I was ſurpriſed, however, to ſee on the ſame table, in ſo cold a climate, and in the month of September, peaches, apricots, raiſins, prunes, figs, &c. all of an excellent quality, except the figs, which could not be called fine, by a perſon born in the ſouth of France. It is probable, however, that the greater part of theſe fruits were produced by much care and expence in hot-houſes.

Toward the end of the deſert, the ladies withdrew to a room deſtined for the tea-table: I was ſorry they left us ſo long alone; but the Duke of Argyle informed me, that he preſerved this old cuſtom in his family, in order that the people of the country might not be offended by the breach of a practice, to which they had always been accuſtomed. The ceremony of toaſts was well kept up in the abſence of the ladies; but though they uſually continued to go round for at leaſt three quarters of an hour, no perſon's inclination

was violated, and every one drank what he pleaſed. This, however, did not prevent a great number of healths being drank with ſpirit, and every demonſtration of pleaſure. Wines are the greateſt luxury of the Britiſh table. They drink the beſt and the deareſt that grow in France and Portugal. If the lively champaign ſhould make its diuretic influence be felt, the caſe is foreſeen, and in the angles of the room, the neceſſary convenience is to be found.

At laſt they proceeded to the drawing-room, where tea and coffee abound, and where the ladies did the honour of the table, with much dignity and grace: The tea is always excellent, but it is not ſo with the coffee: Since it was not good in a houſe like this, where no expence is ſpared, it cannot be expected to be good any where elſe in the country. I ſhould imagine that the Engliſh and Scotch attach no importance to the fine perfume and flavour of good coffee; for it ſeems to be all one to them what kind they drink, provided they have four or five cupfuls. Their coffee is always weak, bitter, and completely deprived of its aromatic odour. Thus they want an excellent beverage, which would be a thouſand times more favourable to their health than tea. Kæmpfer, who reſided long in Japan, and who has publiſhed ſome very curious obſervations upon tea, and the ſhrub that bears it, remarks that it is of a narcotic nature.

After tea, thoſe who chooſed it retired to their apartments: Thoſe who preferred converſation and muſic remained in the room; others went out to walk. At ten o'clock, ſupper was ready, and thoſe attended it who pleaſed.

In England, I always found that all claſſes of people eat a great deal more than the French. I do not know that they are more healthy; indeed, I doubt they are not; but this I know, that Dumoulin, one of the moſt celebrated phyſicians of Paris, once told me that he was never raiſed in the night to viſit any perſon who had not ſupped.

DESCRIPTION *of the* ASSES *of* EGYPT.

[From Sonnini's Travels.]

IF the horſes of Egypt claim diſtinction by their beauty and valuable qualities, the aſſes of the ſame country are not leſs remarkable. It is indiſputable, that the hotteſt and drieſt climates are moſt favourable to horſes, ſince thoſe of Arabia, Perſia, Egypt, Barbary, and Spain, ſtand foremoſt

in

in beauty and vigour. Aſſes, likewiſe, of a ſpecies nearly related to them, attain the greateſt excellence of figure and qualities in the ſame climates, which appear to be natural to them. In proportion to their diſtance from theſe they degenerate, ſo that thoſe of northern countries loſe all reſemblance to thoſe of the ſouth. If this degeneration be not ſo perceptible with regard to horſes, very fine ones being to be found in the north, it is becauſe Europeans have changed the nature of theſe animals in their country, by procuring mares and ſtallions from abroad, forming ſtuds, croſſing breeds, and laviſhing the minuteſt attentions upon them, while they have not only been careleſs reſpecting the breed of their aſſes, but have degraded it by almoſt total neglect and unmerited contempt. Badly fed, ſtill worſe attended, oppreſſed by heavy burdens, and ill-treated by blows, the aſs of our country is unqueſtionably a wretched ſlave. Degraded as low as poſſible, he ſerves only the meaneſt of men, for whom he performs every thing his impaired condition will allow. His name is become that of dullneſs and ſtupidity. Yet he is docile, gentle, patient, and temperate to exceſs. Did neither the horſe nor the ox exiſt in our country, he would be held there in the higheſt eſtimation. But this is not the only inſtance where modeſt and uſeful ſimplicity, placed by the ſide of more brilliant and active qualities, has been rewarded by ingratitude, and excited deriſion.

How different this ſorry and degraded animal from the aſſes of Egypt and Arabia, which, as well as the horſes of thoſe countries, are ſuperior to any in the univerſe! Some are to be found there of great height; and theſe are moſt valued and eſteemed, occaſionally ſelling at a higher price than even horſes themſelves. Still, whatever be their height, their head is well placed, their eyes are briſk, and their body is plump. They have elegance in their attitudes, gracefulneſs in their movements, and nobleneſs and almoſt haughtineſs in their carriage. Their foot is ſure, their ſtep is light, and their paces quick, briſk, and eaſy. In ſhort, they are very pleaſing to ride. All travellers have praiſed this fine ſpecies of animal. Peter della Vale, who paraded his pride a long time in the eaſt, relates, that the people there do not ſcruple to ride upon aſſes, that they trot wonderfully, and that he has been ready to die with laughing at the ſight. For my part I was greatly ſurpriſed at it. In Egypt, people not only ride on aſſes without heſitation, but, as I have already obſerved, they were the only animals on which Chriſtians of any country were allowed to appear in the capital. The Mahometan

merchants, and the moſt opulent of the inhabitants, uſed them likewiſe: and carriages being unknown in this country, ladies of the higheſt rank, even the wives of the Beys themſelves, had no other equipages.

I once happened to meet the whole haram of a Bey, taking an airing in the environs of Cairo. An equivocal figure, an eunuch with a mean and ferocious countenance, preceded the ladies on a fine horſe, covered with gold, ſilver, and embroidery. The ladies were mounted on aſſes of the higheſt price. The bridles of theſe animals glittered with ſilver and gold, and a magnificent piece of tapeſtry covering the ſaddle and crupper, reached down to the ground. It is to be preſumed, that the ladies were not deficient in charms: but they were maſqued with thick veils, and bundled up, as it were, in pieces of ſtuffs, which did not allow either the face or even figure to be ſeen, and exhibited nothing but a ſhapeleſs maſs. Such meetings had nothing in them very pleaſant to an European; he was not only obliged to alight in token of reſpect, but he muſt alſo take care to avoid, I will not ſay looking the ladies in the face, for this was invifible, but even looking at them; the moſt he could do being to eye them aſkance as they paſſed. If he ventured beyond this, it would have afforded a pretence for an *avanie*, or been attended with conſequences ſtill worſe.

The aſſes of Egypt have at leaſt as much vigour as beauty. They readily perform the longeſt journeys. More hardy than the horſes, and leſs difficult with regard to the quality or quantity of their food, they are preferred for long journeys acroſs the deſert. Moſt of the Muſſulman pilgrims uſe them for the long and laborious journey to Mecca; and the chiefs of the Nubian caravans, which are ſixty days in paſſing immenſe ſolitudes, ride upon aſſes, that do not appear fatigued when they arrive in Egypt.

The cruſt of their hoofs is defended by thin and light ſhoes. The ſaddles they wear are ſhaped like pack-ſaddles, rounded, and heightened by a pad ſoftly ſtuffed, on which the rider ſits much farther back than on a horſe. The ſtirrups, which are ſhaped nearly like our's, have only a ſingle flat bar at bottom, the breadth of three fingers. Men ride without any houſings; but for women a piece of tapeſtry, more or leſs rich, and ſometimes reaching to the ground, is laid over this ſaddle. The aſſes are bridled in the ſame manner as the horſes. In the principal ſtreets of Cairo, and in the ſquares, they ſtand for hire ready bridled and ſaddled, being the hackney coaches of this city. The perſon who lets them accompanies

panies his aſs, running behind to goad him on, and cry out to thoſe who walk on foot to make way. When on a journey, the rider himſelf carries in his hand a little ſtick pointed with iron, with which he pricks his breaſt on the withers.

When the rider alights, he has no occaſion to tie up his aſs. He merely pulls the rein of the bridle tight, and paſſes it over a ring on the fore part of the ſaddle, which, confining the head of the beaſt, is ſufficient to make him remain patiently in his place.

Though the Arabs do not take quite ſo much pains to preſerve the breed of their aſſes, as they do for promoting the excellence of their horſes, it may be ſaid with truth, that aſſes are no where attended with ſo much care as in Egypt and Arabia. They are regularly rubbed down and waſhed, which renders their coat ſmooth, ſoft, and gloſſy; and their food is the ſame as that of horſes, commonly conſiſting of chopped ſtraw, barley, and ſmall beans.

To add to the ſpecies of uſeful animals, or, which is the ſame thing, to improve them ſo as to render them more uſeful, is to increaſe the advantages of public and private economy. If, without remitting our attentions to the horſe, we deigned to pay a little regard to the aſs, though placed by nature ſecond in the ſcale, we could not fail to be gainers. For the attainment of this uſeful object, it would be neceſſary to croſs the breed. Arabian or Egyptian males would improve the offſpring of our females in ſtrength and beauty; and theſe, by repeated croſſings, would produce with time and care an excellent breed of animals, ſuited to the majority in point of expence, and not deſtitute of pleaſing qualities.

The handſomeſt aſſes ſeen at Cairo come from Upper Egypt and Nubia. On aſcending the Nile, the influence of climate on theſe animals is perceptible, they being of the greateſt beauty in Saïd, while toward the Delta they are inferior in all reſpects. So true it is, that they owe their excellencies to great heat and extreme drought. In countries, which, though very hot, are at the ſame time wet, they are but indifferent; for in India, and even the ſouthernmoſt parts of the peninſula, which are nearer to the equator, but likewiſe more humid, than Arabia, Nubia, and Thebaïs, the aſſes are ſmall, dull, weak, and ill-ſhaped.

From the excellent qualities of the Egyptian aſſes, it is not to be wondered that they have been objects of luxury. The opulent vie l in keeping aſſes of the higheſt price. To the Europeans ſettled at Cairo, this was an indemnification for the reſtraint from riding on horſeback, to which they were condemned.

condemned. But this ſpecies of luxury attracted the attention of government in 1779. It was deemed indecorous that foreign merchants, abominated on account of their religion, ſhould ride upon animals ſuperior even to thoſe kept for the wives of the Beys themſelves. This was ſufficient to bring upon the European merchants a forced contribution, an *avanie* of four or five hundred thouſand franks, which they were obliged to pay for having kept fine aſſes.

In the eaſt, theſe were at all times among the number of animals moſt valued. They formed part of the wealth of the ancient patriarchs, as they ſtill do of the herds of the wandering nations in the ſame countries. The Egyptians alone abominated them. To them they were the execrated emblem of the evil genius of Typhon, of that giant monſter with a hundred heads, and a hundred mouths vomiting flame, the ſon of Earth and Tartarus, and who had dared to wage war with the gods, and had at laſt been cut to pieces by Oſiris, one of the deities of Egypt. The inhabitants of Coptos in particular, ſo publicly declared their inveterate antipathy to theſe animals, as to throw them down from the ſummit of a rock; and the people of Buſiris and Lycopolis carried their ſuperſtition ſo far as to refrain from blowing the trumpet, becauſe, in their opinion, its ſound reſembled the braying of an aſs!

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Remarks on the Controverſy concerning the End of the Eighteenth Century.

AFTER ſo many centuries have already begun and ended, it ſeems rather ſtrange that this queſtion (if the matter could be ſuppoſed to bear a queſtion) ſhould not have been determined to our hands ſome hundreds of years ſince. However, ſo it is, that in the preſent age it has been diſcovered to be a problem of ſo much difficulty, as well as of ſo much importance, that ſeveral years ago, (in the ſouth of Devon) ſcores, and perhaps hundreds of pounds, were won and loſt, in wagers made upon the queſtion. The moſt eminent calculators were conſulted on the occaſion; and one of them (doubtleſs through inadvertence) gave two contradictory opinions in the ſame letter. Who had the honour of deciding I know not. A friend of mine, who was a party concerned,

cerned, has had ſeveral earneſt diſputes with me upon the ſubject; and as it ſeems he was on the loſing ſide, I conclude it was determined according to the opinion I ſhould myſelf have given.

Indeed I cannot help admiring that, in ſo plain a caſe, there could poſſibly be two opinions. The whole queſtion may, in effect, be reduced to this, Whether the firſt year of the Chriſtian era (ſuppoſing its uſe to have commenced immediately from the birth of Chriſt,) would have been denoted by the number 0, or the number 1?—The abſurdity of the former is ſelf-evident; and it is equally plain that, in the latter mode of computation, (being the only one which could have taken place) the year 100 would have been the laſt year of the firſt century; and conſequently the year 1800 muſt be the laſt of the eighteenth century.

Although the cuſtom of dating from the birth of Chriſt was not (in fact) adopted till ſeveral centuries after that event, the computation muſt neceſſarily be carried on in the ſame manner as if it had began immediately thereupon. Let it be ſuppoſed then (for the ſake of argument), that in the viſit which the Virgin Mary made to her couſin Elizabeth, it had been agreed between them to compute their years from the Saviour's birth, as ſoon as it ſhould happen, and that Elizabeth ſhould be immediately adviſed of it, by a letter from Mary, or her huſband: this letter muſt have been dated the 1ſt of January (admitting that to have been the day), in the year of our Lord 1, ſince the year could have had no other number given it; and the ſame number would continue to be uſed till the 1ſt of January in the year next following, which would be the firſt day of the year 2.

There never would have been a queſtion upon this matter, had it not been for the cuſtom which has obtained among us in this and ſome other inſtances, to expreſs cardinal numbers, when ordinal ones are meant, which ſeems to have ariſen from that mode of expreſſion running (in our language) more ſmoothly on the year. Thus I have heard lots of goods for ſale ſpoken of as "lot one, lot two," &c. meaning "lot the firſt, lot the ſecond," &c. And ſo we ſay, "in the year of our Lord one thouſand eight hundred," when, to ſpeak grammatically, we ought to ſay, "in the one thouſand eight hundredth year of our Lord. The impropriety of this our common phraſe will appear evident, by tranſlating it literally into Latin, thus: "*Anno Domini mille octingenti*," which every body would allow to be nonſenſe. The words "*Anno Domini*" being in the ablative caſe, clearly require

an

an ordinal, and not a cardinal number to follow them; and the right tranſlation is, "*Anno Domini milleſimo octingenteſimo*," (in the one thouſand eight hundredth year of our Lord;) agreeably to the ſtile of all antient deeds and records written in the Latin language, where the year of our Lord is mentioned in words at length.

The computation from the birth of Chriſt muſt be ſubject to the ſame rules as that from the acceſſion of any temporal King, although a different mode of expreſſion has obtained in theſe two inſtances. The 25th of October, 1760, was the firſt day of the reign of King George the Third; and a deed dated at the preſent time would, in the common form, be expreſſed to be made, "on the 3d day of February, in the fortieth year of the reign of King George the Third, and in the year of our Lord one thouſand eight hundred." Now ſuppoſe (to make the expreſſions both alike) we were to ſay, "in the year of the reign of King George the Third forty," it would ſtill be evident that the King will not have reigned forty years till the preſent year forty is expired, on the 24th of October next: and ſuppoſing he ſhould reign a century, that century would not be compleat till the year of the reign one hundred was expired; and the 25th of October, in the year of the reign one hundred and one, (or, as we ſhould expreſs it in Latin, *anno regni centeſimo primo*) would be the firſt day of the ſecond century.—Exactly on the ſame principles, the time of Chriſt's birth being conſidered as the beginning of his reign on earth, we are now in the 1800th year of it, and of courſe in the laſt year of the eighteenth, and not the firſt of the nineteenth century.

I am well aware that the birth of Chriſt is allowed to have been four years earlier than the commencement of our common era, and that the exact day cannot be aſcertained; but theſe circumſtances being matters of hiſtory, have no concern with the preſent queſtion, which reſts on the ſuppoſition that the era commonly uſed is accurate, whether it be really ſo or not.

Q. I.

Modbury, February 3, 1800.

A REFLECTION.

FALSE or middling genius is almoſt always arrogant and vain. The true may be provoked to do itſelf juſtice, but is ſeldom apt to overvalue itſelf.

A PUN.

"WELL," ſaid an officer of the guards to his companion, "the Laureat being againſt us, what are we to do about the cloſe of the laſt century now." "An pleaſe your honour," ſays a Serjeant, accoſting them, "they're pawned." "Pawned! What do you mean?"—"Why the *cloaths of the laſt ſentry*—he has not a coat to his back, and I told the fellow he'd be flogg'd as ſure as he was born."

On the UNDERSTANDING *and* MEMORY.

THE underſtanding may be ſo perfect and mechanical, as to ſurvive the loſs of memory itſelf. Of this the following are two remarkable inſtances. De Lagny, the mathematician, for two days had lain in a deep lethargy, and did not know even his own children. Maupertius abruptly, and with a very loud voice, aſked him, what was the ſquare of twelve? "One hundred and forty-four," replied a feeble lingering remain of the expiring intellect.

The celebrated phyſician Chirac was much in the ſame ſtate, and without any power of recollecting thoſe near his death-bed. His right hand mechanically laid hold of his left, and, feeling his pulſe, he exclaimed, "They have called me too late. The patient has been bled, and he ſhould have been evacuated. He is a dead man!" The prediction, and the prognoſtic were ſoon after verified.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to T. Warring's Queſtion, inſerted September 30.

PUT $x=$ the head diameter, and $y=$ the bung diameter; put alſo $a=40$, $q=118$, &c. $r=117$, &c. $p=0011$, one-third; then per guaging, we have $pax^2+2pay^2=q$, and $12\,pay^2+3x^2\,a\,p-4\,a\,pxy=r$. From the firſt of theſe equations we have $x^2=q-2\,pay^2\div pa$; and by ſubſtitution, &c. in the ſecond, we get an affected equation, the reſolution of which gives $y=32$. Hence the dimenſions are as under: 32 in. bung diameter, 24 in. head diameter, and 40 in. length, the dimenſions required.

Anſwer, by S. Brown, of Newton Abbot, to J. Gidley's Charade, inſerted December 2.

I Find that HEBE will reveal,
The goddeſs which you have conceal'd.

§ We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, of Exeter; S. Jones, of Newton Abbot; G. England, of Uplyme; W. Brock, of Evercreech: and W. Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhel.

A REBUS, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

WITH thoughtful muſe I now reſume my pen,
To write of thee, thou dire, deſtructive firſt!
When will thoſe imps who now prolong thy reign,
No more for dear-bought glory vainly thirſt.

Oh! when will tyrants, by my ſecond fir'd,
Their unrelenting cruelty reſtrain!
And balmy peace, by Britons ſo deſir'd,
Return, and ſpread a ſmile o'er hill and plain.

When will my heaven-born next, our iſland's boaſt,
Diffuſe its influence to all around?
And rear its ſtandard on each ſervile coaſt,
Where ſuff'ring ſlaves in ſavage chains are bound.

Soon may thy bleſt, emancipating power
Releaſe the captive, and the priſoner free!
And may my next each hoſtile breaſt reſtore
To bands of peace and unanimity!

And grant, Eternal Power! we humbly pray,
That when we from this tranſient ſcene remove,
Beneath thy heavenly ſmile we may enjoy
A happy next, in the bright realms above!

But Oh! without my laſt the wiſh is vain,
Thy influence alone can make us bleſt;
Can ſave our ſouls from everlaſting pain,
And waft them to the ſeats of peace and reſt.

Ingenious bards! weigh well this ſerious truth,
While you diſplay a votary of the nine;
And thro' its power may each each aſpiring youth
In deeds of piety and virtue ſhine!

POETRY.

STANZAS *for her* MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY.

[From Mr. Pye's Ode for the New Century.]

INCESSANT down the ſtream of time,
As days, and years, and ages roll,
Speeding thro' error's iron clime
To dark oblivion's goal;
Loſt in the gulph of night profound,
No eye to mark their ſhadowy bound,
Unleſs the deed of high renown,
The warlike chief's illuſtrious crown,
Shed o'er the darkling void a dubious fame,
And gild the paſſing hour with ſome immortal name:

Yet, evaneſcent as the fleeting cloud,
Driv'n by the wild winds o'er the varying ſkies,
Are all the glories of the great and proud,
On rumour's idle breath that faintly riſe.
A thouſand garbs their forms aſſume,
Woven in vain conjecture's loom;
Their dyes a thouſand hues diſplay,
Sporting in fancy's fairy ray;
Changing with each uncertain blaſt,
Till, melting from the eyes at laſt,
The ſhadowy vapours fly before the wind,
Sink into viewleſs air, "nor leave a wreck behind."

But if the raptur'd train whom Heaven inſpires
Of glory to record each deathleſs meed,
Tune to heroic worth their golden lyres,
And give to memory each godlike deed,
Then ſhall the eternal guerdon wait
The actions of the wiſe and great;
While as from black oblivion's ſway
They bear the mighty name away,
And waft it, borne on pinion high,
With joyful carol to the ſky,
Sage hiſtory, with eye ſevere,
Tracing aloft their bold career,
Clears the rich tale from fiction's ſpecious grace,
And builds her ſacred lore on truth's eternal baſe.

Scenes pourtray'd in antient lore,
Scenes whence England's chiefs of yore,
Raiſing high the blazon'd ſhield
O'er Paleſtine's religious field

The

The wreaths of conqueſt bore;
Acon's bulwarks, Jaffa's towers,
Leading where his mail-clad powers,
Richard to the Paynim dart
Dauntleſs bar'd his lion heart—
Where the venom'd ſtroke of death
Aim'd at Edward's boſom, fail'd,
While his faithful conſort's breath
From the deep wound the poiſonous taint inhal'd;
There, with pious glory bright,
Another Briton braves the fight,
Follow'd by a gallant train
Of naval warriors, from their native main,
Who round their walls a breathing bulwark riſe.
Serenely brave the Chriſtian hero ſtands,
And the proud ſpoiler of Heſperian lands,
Before the warlike few, diſmay'd and vanquiſh'd flies.

Sire of the winter drear,
Who lead'ſt the months in circling dance along,
May peace and concord claim the votive ſong,
That chants the glories of the riſing year!
For Albion longs around her generous brow
To bind the olive's ſober bough,
Tho' unappall'd her laurel'd front defies
The fiery blaſt that flaſhes thro' the ſkies.
Wooing, Oh peace! thy halcyon ray,
Ready ſhe ſtands for war, nor ſhuns the enſanguin'd fray;
But on Iernè's kindred ſky
She caſts affection's fondeſt eye.
Oh! as the era paſt ſaw Anna join
Each warrior nation of Britannia's line,
So may the auſpicious hours that now aſcend,
The ſiſter iſles in ceaſeleſs UNION blend—
While ocean's guardian arms around them thrown,
Form to their coaſts an adamantine zone;
There, proudly riſing o'er the circling main,
Lord of the waves, their patriot King ſhall reign;
And fam'd thro' every clime, from pole to pole,
Long as the unfailing ſtream of time ſhall roll,
Religion, virtue, glory, ſhall adorn
The illuſtrious age of George, the Monarch Briton born.

A GLEE, *written by Lord Thurlow, in his Youth, and ſet to Muſic by Stevens.*

WHAT a frail life!—in fear and trouble paſt,
Form'd by a breath to periſh by a blaſt.
To this ſad goal does every mortal run;
Duſt his beginning, and his end a ſtone;
But yeſterday the world in arms he led,
Now in an urn—his mould'ring duſt is laid!